

444

Exhaustion was the only word on my mind.
Every muscle in my body cried for rest,
My brain begged me to get some sleep.

The night my eyes finally closed
Someone asked, “Are you awake?”
Am I awake?
I opened my eyes again
Wondering where that voice came from.
When I looked all around
There wasn’t a person in sight
Am I awake?

The screams of my mother made me wish I weren’t.

999

You wanted to walk.

It seems like such a simple request

But you couldn't walk.

Your bones were so weak and fragile,

Your voice was the quietest whisper,

But you wanted to walk.

Too stubborn to take no for an answer.

It was the Scorpio in you.

There was a switch inside that turned off.

It could have been the comfort being in your only son's arms,

The voices of your wife and youngest daughter.

You ran out of time.

That same switch turned back on but inside of me.

My mind went blank

But my body knew

With all my strength I pushed on your heart

over and over

Your lips started to turn blue

Your son started screaming and crying

Your wife stood there in shock

Somehow, I knew

I blamed myself for not being stronger

But every aching muscle in my body said otherwise

No one really knows if they are a flight or fight person

But I do.

666

I wonder when you started leaving us.

It could have been

When you wanted a monkey as a pet,

When you asked me to pass the pizza to the homies,

When you were staring at a wolf in our living room,

When you asked who the man in the dining room was,

When you saw three little children playing around the table,

When you told mom you wanted to leave

Because the man was trying to take you away,

Or maybe when you stopped remembering who we were
even though you knew mom since you were teenagers.

Or when I had to keep your heart beating

Even though I hadn't done CPR since high school.

No matter when it started

You actually left.

On A Sunday Afternoon

I wonder if these people are happy.

I can't see their faces

But they must be happy right?

It's Sunday and they are at the park,

They have their family with them.

But is it all of them?

Have they lost someone like I did?

Are they pretending to be happy?

Are they trying to move on from the most painful moment in their life?

Are they watching others and asking if they are happy?

I want to know.

I want to know if it's hard for them to wake up every day,

If they wanted to give up but knew they couldn't,

I want to know what they are going through.

I want to know if they are in pain like I am.

Healing

I burn as I make someone else feel better

All that makes me, will soon be gone.

But as this person cries,

I slowly die.

It's not painful to me

This is why I was created

I am meant to heal,

To cleanse,

To smell good,

To make others feel better.

And as they stare at me,

And smell my scent

They say "I'm worthy of healing"

As it is labeled on me.

It is my purpose to heal

Lost

I feel so lost in this universe.

It feels like things that are big to us matter,
When really, it's just a small fragment of everything
Outside this world.
We are a small part.

Nothing matters.

Not even the boy that broke my heart.
The hundreds of dollars my mom spent on the car that wouldn't start.
The amount of weight of a human being.
All of the fighting.
All of the whining.
How we are all materialistic.
We need to open our eyes and be realistic.
None of this matters.

Because in this universe,
There's something bigger.
Bigger than all of these problems.

The Place In Between

The Euphoria in my blood
was the happiest I have ever been.
Unlike anything I have felt from bud,
An everlasting grin.

The unknown wind that moved my tapestry,
The ocean forming into a woman,
The way the image of a mountain became a whole fantasy,
How the whole world just zoomed in,
The colors that surrounded me,
The smells that hugged me,
The way the Universe loved me,
Any desire I had, left me.

The voice in my head gave me guidance,
I had a conversation with myself
While the rest of the world was in silence.

I found you,
I said.
She replied,
You were never lost,
You just finally accepted yourself.

Death,

Death sounds so peaceful.

I'm not suicidal.

But feeling love all the time?

That's what I'm waiting for.

To feel loved by the Universe

Going Places

I just want to go on a trip.

To feel the Earth below my feet and hug a tree.

To look at nature and cry because it's so beautiful.

To hear my plant tell me why it's not growing.

To hear the Universe say it's all going to be okay.

To hear my higher self tell me I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be.

But I'm selfish.

I want to hear these voices.

Not as thoughts,

Not as numbers,

Not in cards.

I want a magical being to appear

And to make me feel loved.

I want to feel like I'm not on Earth.

So, let's go on a trip.

LSD

Life

Sucks

Dick.

Life

Sounds

Dreadful.

Life

Sure

Drags.

Life, So.... Drugs?